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U. S. Department of Agriculture

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Housekeepers' Chat

Wednesday, June 5, 1929

## NOT FOR PUBLICATION

Subject: "China Closets and Pantry Shelves." Information from W.R.B.; menu and recipes from Bureau of Home Economics, U.S.D.A.

Bulletins available: "Convenient Kitchens," and "Canning Fruits and Vegetables at Home."

--ooOoo--

The other day Mrs. B., the wife of the garden adviser, called me on the phone, to ask whether I had a good recipe for Pickled Cherries.

"I have some large, sour cherries," she told me, "the kind which are just right for pickling. Do you remember the directions for making them?"

As a matter of fact, I didn't exactly remember the directions for Pickled Cherries, but I found my recipe, and took it over to Mrs. B., since she lives only a few blocks away. She invited me in to her new kitchen, "that is," she explained, "if you can stand the hammering and pounding. W.R.B. is putting the finishing touches on the china closet today."

"What!" I exclaimed. "I thought your husband was a garden specialist--is he an expert on kitchens, too?"

"Sometimes," answered W.R.B., putting his hammer on the window sill. "You see, Aunt Sammy, the carpenter who built this china closet was in a hurry to finish the job, and being a tall man, it didn't occur to him that Mrs. B., who is not so tall, would have a hard time reaching the top shelves."

"It looked mighty fine, when the job was finished. We were proud of the china closet. Betty, who is taller than her mother, put the Willow pattern dishes in the closet, and we all stood around and admired it. Then Mrs. B. discovered that she couldn't reach the back of the second shelf, without standing on something. Well, we decided that would never do -- for a woman to have a new kitchen, with shelves she couldn't reach! So I've been spending my spare time in the kitchen this week, taking out shelves, and rearranging them. Mrs. B. was right on hand, to try out every new level and see that it was just exactly right. We found out, also, that the shelves in the pantry had to be readjusted."

"Wasn't it a lot of work," I asked, "to change the level of all the shelves?"

"Yes," said W.R.B., "but it seemed too bad that the person who does the most work in the kitchen should have to stand on tiptoes, or use a step



ladder, every time she wanted a package or a can stored near the back of the pantry shelves. In rearranging things, we have changed the height of the cupboard and pantry shelves, shortened the distance between the stove and the work table, changed the height of the work table, and the location of the kitchen sink. See here, Aunt Sammy? All the cooking utensils can be reached without Mrs. B's taking a single extra step. And here we have hangers, on which to keep holders for lifting hot dishes. This shelf over the work table holds coffee, tea, sugar, salt, soda, baking powder, and other supplies we use every day. Aren't we methodical?"

W.R.B. was as proud as punch, of the new kitchen, and no wonder -- it really is one of the most conveniently arranged I've ever seen. I asked how he happened to take so much interest in household affairs.

"Last summer," explained the garden adviser, "my wife went south, to visit, and I became a house-husband. Betty and I ran the cooking for three weeks. The way we worked in our old-fashioned kitchen reminded me of the potato races we used to have, when I went to school. We would place ten or a dozen potatoes in a row, each potato about three feet from the next one. The person running the race used a spoon to bring the potatoes, one at a time, and put them in a basket at the end of the row. Every time, the distance was a little greater, and every time, the distance had to be doubled, going and coming. It occurred to me, last summer, that every time my wife walked across the kitchen floor, or reached to a high shelf, she was going through the same kind of waste motion as if she were running a potato race. And who wants to spend valuable time, running silly potato races?"

"Not I," said Mrs. B.

"Nor I," said Betty.

"Nor I," said Aunt Sammy.

"Nor any other modern housewife," said the garden adviser. "Well, my work has been amply repaid. Since I've changed the shelves in the china closet, and in the pantry, I haven't heard a word about inconveniences, and my meals are always on time. Did I show you the adjustable stool, at the work table? And see here -- it's only a step between the work table and the stove; and the sink is 34 inches high -- just the right height for Mrs. B. Look here, Aunt Sammy -- ever see any cherries prettier than these?"

It was a good thing he mentioned cherries, for I was so interested in the kitchen, that I had forgotten all about the recipe for Pickled Cherries.

I want to give you this recipe, too, for Pickled Cherries are quite a delicacy, and I'm sure you'll want to have some on hand, for company dinners. This is a short recipe -- won't take you long to write it. I'll read very slowly:





(Read slowly). Wash and pit large, sour cherries. For each quart of pitted cherries add three-fourths of a quart of sugar. Everybody hear that? For each quart of cherries, add three-fourths of a quart of sugar. Sprinkle the sugar over the fruit, in layers, and let stand overnight. In the morning, stir until the sugar is dissolved. Then press the juice well from the cherries. Tie a small quantity of whole spices in a loose cheesecloth bag. Drop this into the juice. Boil down until the juice is three-fourths of the original quantity. While the sirup is hot, pour it over the cherries, which have been drained. Add two tablespoons of well-flavored vinegar to each pint. Seal, and let stand two weeks, to become well blended, before using.

After Mrs. B. and I had discussed Pickled Cherries, she invited me to stay to dinner.

"We're not having anything extra," she said. "but we want you to stay. Do you like Calves' Liver and Bacon, with Turnip Greens?"

"One of my favorite combinations," I said, "especially if I can have strawberries for dessert."

"Just what we're having," said my hostess. "You must have seen the berries in the kitchen."

Take your pencils, please, and I'll read you this menu, for it's a very appetizing one: Calves' Liver and Bacon; Lyonnaise Potatoes; Turnip Greens; Strawberries; and Cookies.

There are directions in the Radio Cookbook for Liver and Bacon. The main thing to remember, in cooking liver, is to cook it slowly; don't have too hot a fire. Intense heat makes liver dry and leathery, and causes the edges to scorch.

I'll give you a recipe for Lyonnaise Potatoes, for I don't believe that's in the cookbook. Five ingredients, for Lyonnaise Potatoes:

5 cold boiled potatoes, diced	2 tablespoons finely chopped
1 onion sliced	parsley, and
4 tablespoons butter or bacon fat	Salt and pepper

Heat the fat in a skillet. Cook the onion until yellow; add the potatoes, and cook slowly, turning occasionally until the potatoes are golden brown on all sides. Season with salt and pepper. Serve the potatoes on a hot platter, with the finely chopped parsley, sprinkled over the top.

The strawberries were served on Mrs. B.'s prettiest china dessert plates, around a mound of powdered sugar. They were mighty good, with her home-made sugar cookies. The first time I've had fat sugar cookies for a long time -- you know the kind -- rich and light, with a pig plump raisin in the center.

I forgot to mention the Turnip Greens -- they were just right, with the Liver and Bacon. I told W.R.B. that I would be sorry when the spring greens are gone -- they add so much to our menus.

"They do," said the garden adviser, "but when they are gone, use the summer greens. Shall I give you a list of the good summer greens?"

He gave me a list, and next Friday I shall broadcast a short talk on "Summer Greens" and give you a recipe for an appetizing Fruit Punch.

